Hark away is the Word to the Sound of the Horn;

A favourite Hunting Song

Sung by Mr. King at Ranelagh,

COMPOSED BY MR. HOOK.

Price 6d.

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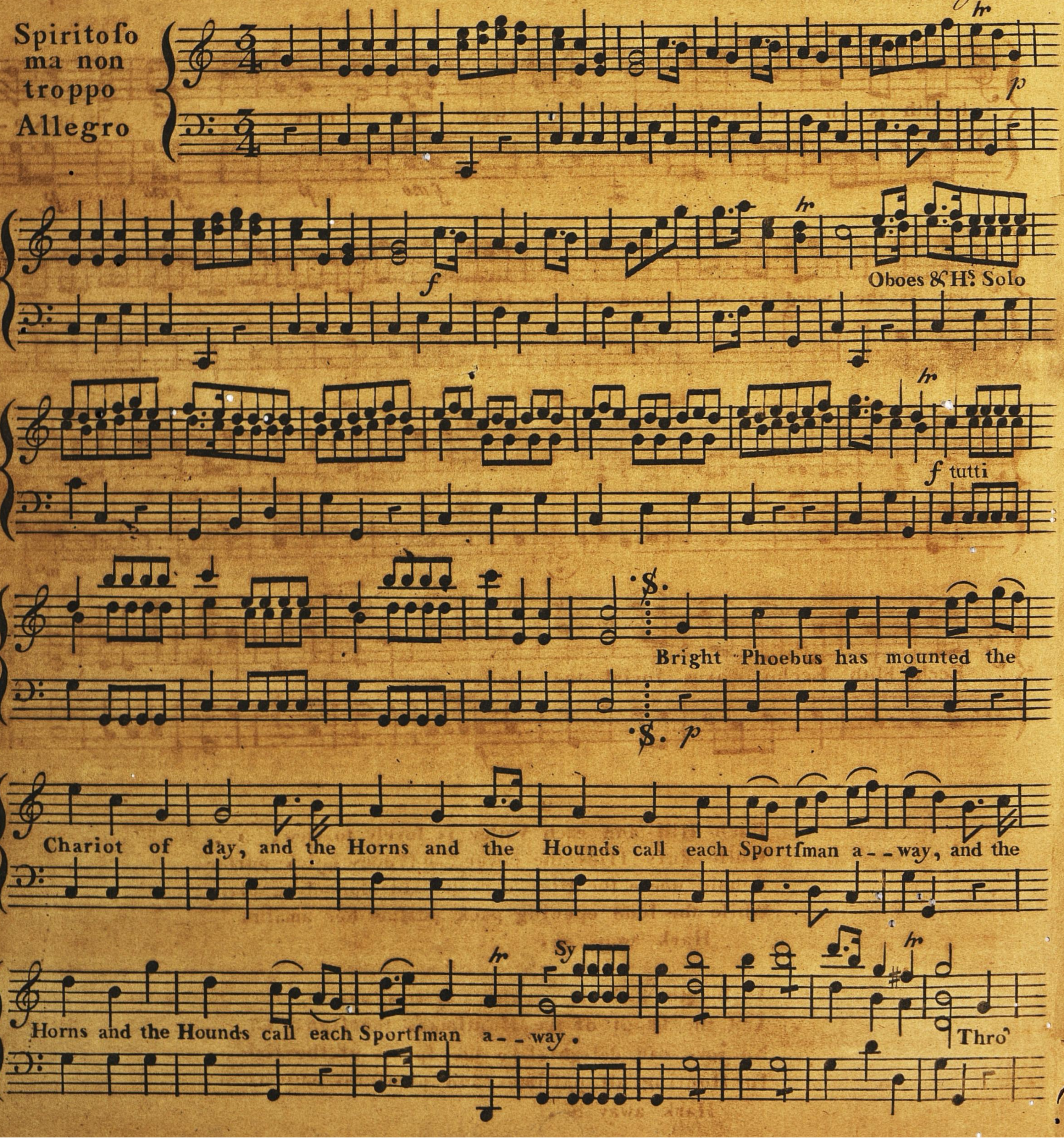

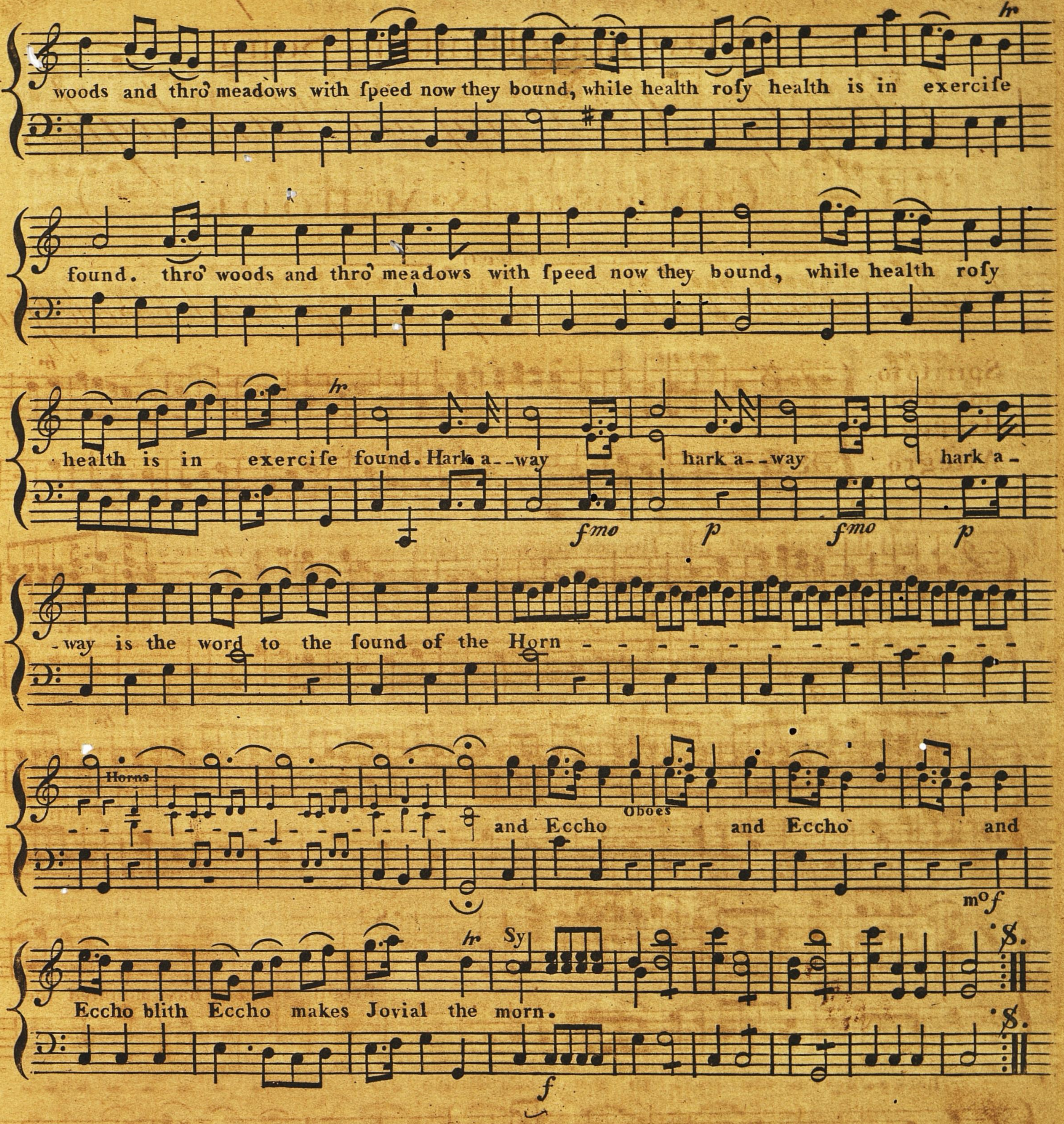

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Each Hill and each Valley is lovely to view,
While Puſs flies the covert and dogs quick purſue,
Behold where ſhe flies o'er the wide ſpreading plain,
While the loud opening pack purſue her amain.
Hark away &c.

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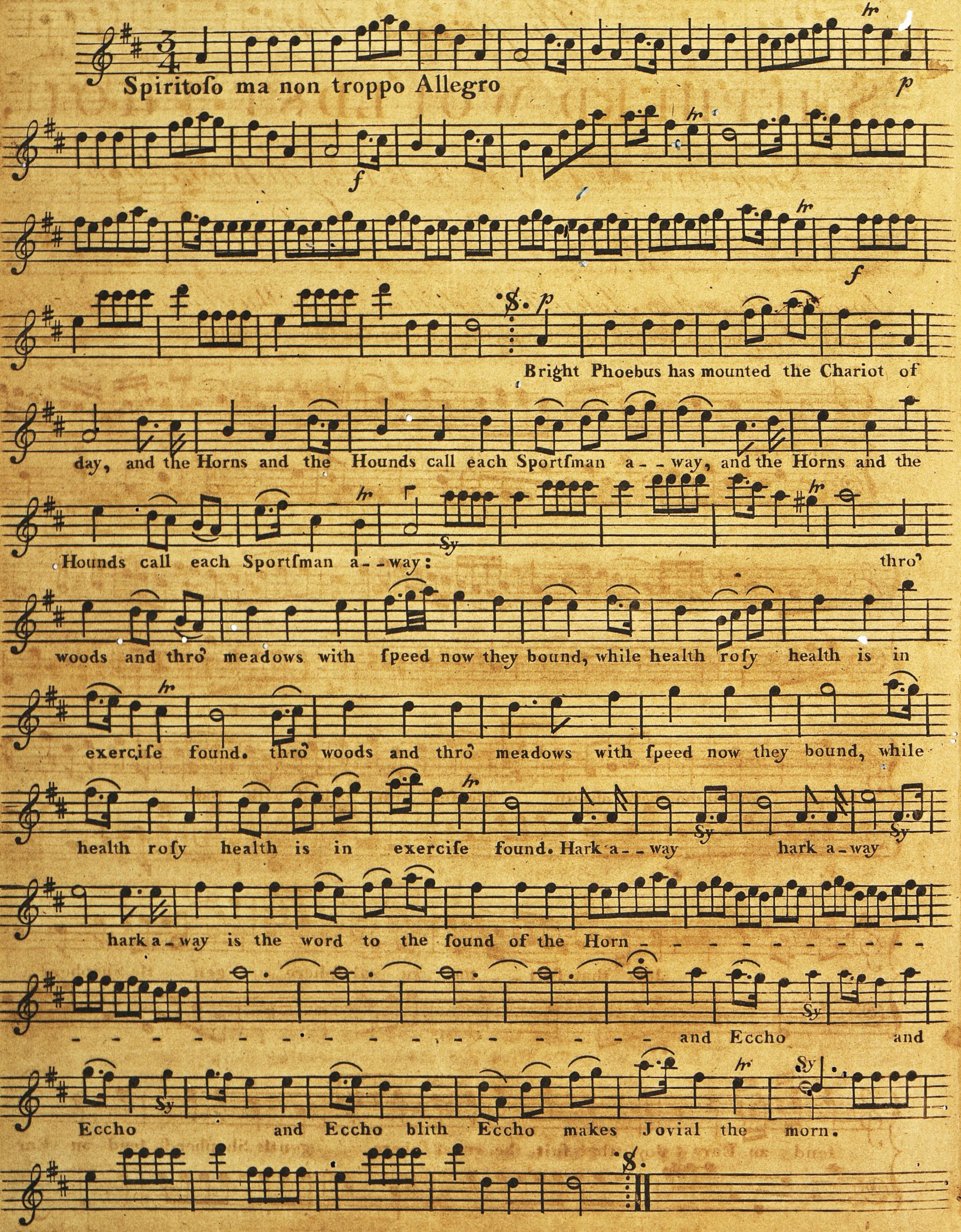
At length Puſs is caught and lies panting for breath,
And the ſhout of the Huntſman's the ſignal of death,
No joys can delight like the ſports of the field,
To Hunting all paſtimes and pleaſures muſt yield.
Hark away &c.

For the GERMAN FLUTE